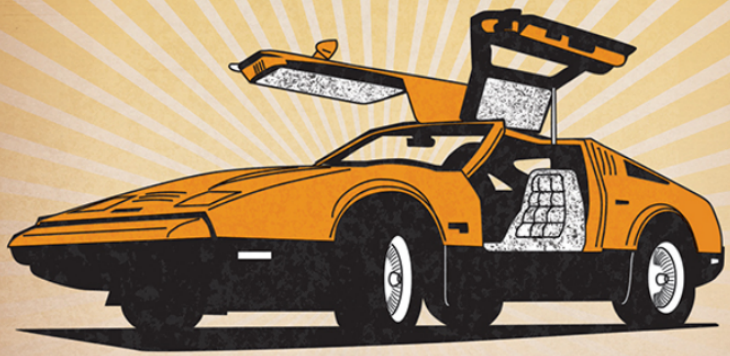
Scirocco Drama

THE BRICKLIN

An Automotive Fantasy



Paul Ledoux and Allen Cole

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Acknowledgements

Sometimes a play is the fulfillment of a dream, and this play *The Bricklin*, was the dream of Tim Yerxa, the Executive Director at The Fredericton Playhouse. The Playhouse is a performance venue, not a producing theatre company, but that didn't stop Tim from making his dream come true. He found the funding to commission the script, put together the very talented creative team and oversaw the premiere with astute entrepeneurial skill and unending enthusiasm. Fredericton is very lucky to have him and so were we. Thank you him, it's been a hell of a ride.

–Allen Cole and Paul Ledoux

The Bricklin was commissioned by the Fredericton Playhouse in 2009 (Tim S. Yerxa, Executive Director) with the assistance of the City of Fredericton and the Government of Canada.

The Bricklin is based on actual events, but includes significant fictionalized elements, including fictional characters and events.

Characters

RICHARD HATFIELD - Premier of New Brunswick

MALCOLM BRICKLIN - an automotive entrepreneur

DUSTY - a mystical Disco Diva

MICHELLE - a resident of Minto

GERRARD - another resident of Minto, Michelle's boyfriend

THE ACRYLIX - three classy backup singers

TURNBULL - an outspoken Liberal opposition member

SHIRLEY - a Liberal backbencher

JOE - another Liberal backbencher

SPEAKER - Speaker of The House, The Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick

LARRY CONNOLLY - a CBC reporter

CORMIER - an accountant

SALVADOR DALI - Spanish surrealist painter

POLITICAL RALLY CROWD

PIZZA GUY

Production History

The Bricklin, co-produced by The Fredericton Playhouse and Theatre New Brunswick, premiered at Fredericton Playhouse on July 20, 2010 with the following cast:

Malcolm Bricklin, various ..... Jason Chesworth

Richard Hatfi eld ..... George Masswohl

Turnbull, Cormier, Dali, various ..... Troy Adams

Michelle/Dusty, various ..... Tania Breen

Gerrard, various ..... Cameron MacDuffee

Keyboards, backup vocals ..... Michael Doherty

Drums, backup vocals .....Douglas Cameron

Bass, vocals .....Chris Churchill

Electric Guitar, vocals ..... Garry Hansen

Directed by Alisa Palmer

Book and Lyrics by Paul Ledux and Allen Cole

Music and Musical Direction by Allen Cole

Set and Costume Design by Patrick Clark

Lighting Design by Leslie Wilkinson

Choreography by Matjash Mrozewski

Stage Manager: Judy Joe Scheffer

Funk Research Consultant: Holly Cole

Executive Producers: Tim Yerxa and Caleb Marshall

Notes

The minimum cast size for *The Bricklin*, with doubling is four male and one female actor and a funk quartet: keyboards, guitar, bass and drums. In this cast configuration the keyboard player is required to leave the band and occasionally to sing as a member of The Acrylix. When this occurs there is no keyboard part in the orchestration. Doubling may be reduced by the addition of more cast members according to te financial resources of the producing company.

Text which is to be sung is printed in **bold**.
Minto is pronounced Minnow.

The Original Cast Recording of *The Bricklin* is available from Amazon Canada https://www.amazon.ca/

The recording is also available as a download on iTunes https://itunes.apple.com/ca/album/bricklin-automotive-fantasy/id442976878

The production was remounted on July 20, 2011 at the Fredericton Playhouse with Shawn Wright in the role of Richard Hatfield.

The Polish premiere opened on March 21, 2013 at The Old Timer's Garage, Katowice, Poland, tanslated by Patrycja Korczago. Produced by Adam Grzadiel, Directed by Marcin Kolaczkowski. The play was remounted in 2015 and was nominated for the prestigious "Golden Mask Award."

Paul Ledoux

Paul Ledoux is one of Canada's most produced creators of musical theatre. His work is known for provocative explorations of the relationship between politics and popular culture. Ledoux's shows include the Dora and Chalmers Award-winning Fire, (with David Young), *Still Desire You* (with David Young and Melanie Doane), and *Dream a Little Dream, The Nearly True Story of The Mamas and The Papas*, with Denny Doherty. Paul is the past chairman of the Playwrights Union of Canada and served as the President of Montreal Playwrights' Workshop.

Allen Cole

Originally from Nova Scotia, Allen Cole has worked variously as composer, lyricist and/or book writer on musicals such as *The Wrong Son, Mimi* (with Rick Roberts and Melody Johnson), *Anything That Moves* (with Ann-Marie MacDonald and Alisa Palmer), *The Miracle Mass* (with Michael O'Brien), and *Pélagie* (with Vincent de Tourdonnet). Allen has composed music for many theatre companies, including the Shaw Festival, Stratford Festival, and Soulpepper. He has won numerous awards, including four Dora Mavor Moore Awards, and a Best Film Score Award from the Atlantic Film Festival. In 2009 *Rockbound* (Scirocco, 2011) won five Merritt Awards, including Best New Play, Best Music and Best Production.

Act I

Prologue: The Four Seasons Hotel, New York: June 24, 1974

Funky groove begins. The three ACRYLIX enter. They're wearing matching pastel tuxes. They move as a unit.

We Want the Bricklin

ACRYLIC 1: **What's the sweetest car**
That ever hit the road?
ACRYLIC 2: **When it comes to class and styling**
It's the motherlode
ACRYLIC 3: **Got a built-in roll bar**
It can take a thump
ALL THREE: **Put the pedal to the metal**
And you feel that Bricklin jump!
We want the Bricklin
Bring on that Brick—lin
We want the Bricklin
ACRYLIC 1: **Give it up, give it up, now**
ALL THREE: **We want the Bricklin**
Bring on that Brick—lin
We want the Bricklin
ACRYLIC 1: **Got see that thang**

MALCOLM enters wearing a white bell-bottomed leisure suit, a patterned shirt, and a cowboy hat and boots.

ACRYLIC 1: **Who's the man with the vision?**
Who's the man with the guts?
ACRYLIC 2: **Who's the man who's gonna build it**
No ifs, ands or buts
ACRYLIC 3: **Well he's Malcolm Bricklin**
That's what I said
ALL THREE: **You know the whole idea**
Just popped right outa his head!

RICHARD enters in an elegant hand-tailored business suit. He's holding a martini.

ACRYLIC 1: **Now here's the man with the cash**
Who makes the whole thing tick

ACRYLIC 2: **You know he comes from a place**
They call New Brun-swick

ACRYLIC 3: **He's a little bit home boy**
And he's a little bit slick

ALL THREE: **You can call him Richard**
Or you can call him "Dick"
We want the Bricklin
Bring on that Brick—lin
We want the Bricklin

MALCOLM: *(To RICHARD.)* **You wanna see that mother- sucker?**

ALL THREE: **We want the Bricklin**
Bring on that Brick—lin
We want the Bricklin

RICHARD: *(So square it hurts.)* **I'd like to see that mother- sucker**

MALCOLM executes a sexy dance move.

MALCOLM **Ow!**

RICHARD puts down his martini, tries to execute a sexy dance move, hurts himself.

RICHARD: **Ow!**

ACRYLIC 1: What an amazing team, folks!

ACRYLIC 2: The Arizona cowboy…

ACRYLIC 3: …and the classy Canuck!

ACRYLIC 1: Tell the people here tonight, will ya, 'cause I know they're wonderin'—what brought the two of you together?

R. + M.: **We had a dream**
We had a dream

ALL THREE: **We want the Bricklin**
Bring on that Brick—lin

R. + M.: **A beautiful dream**

ALL THREE: **We want the Bricklin**

ACRYLIC 1: **Give it up, give it up, now**

R. + M.: **We had a dream**
We had a dream

ALL THREE: **We want the Bricklin**
Bring on that Brick—lin

R. + M.: **A beautiful dream**

ALL THREE: **We want the Bricklin**
Give it up, give it up, now
Got see that thang
Give it up, give it up, now
Got see that thang
Give it up, give it up, now
Got see that thang!

RICHARD and MALCOLM exit. DUSTY steps forward and sings, backed up by THE ACRYLIX.

Dreams Are Like Taffy

DUSTY: **Dreams are like taffy**
They bubble when they're hot
They stretch out in all directions, now
From California to Camelot
Dreams are sweet and they are salty

ACRYLIX: **Sweet as wine and salty as the sea**

DUSTY: **And they can melt upon your tongue**

ALL FOUR: **Mm, mm, mm, mm**

DUSTY: **When you're older, dreams are oysters**

ACRYLIX: **Ooh la la**

DUSTY: **And they taste like taffy when you're young**

ACRYLIX: **Taffy, taffy**

DUSTY: **Dreams don't cost a penny**
You can dream them all night long

ACRYLIX: **You can dream them all night long**

DUSTY: **Taffy only costs twenty-five cents**
You can buy it for a song

ACRYLIX: **For a simple little song**

DUSTY: **Dreams come in all the shades of the rainbow**

ACRYLIX: **Anything you want**

DUSTY: **Just like a colour TV set**

ALL FOUR: **Mm, mm, mm, mm**

DUSTY: **Orange, red and white and green and even suntan**

ACRYLIX: **Suntan**

DUSTY: **And lots of others that no-one's dreamed up yet**

ACRYLIX: **Not yet, not yet**

MICHELLE **But taffy, when it freezes**
Turns brittle, and it can break
Into a million tiny little pieces
Just like a dream when you awake

Guitar solo as we transition. ACRYLIC #1 and #2 exit, ACRYLIC #3 goes to keyboard.

While you're sleepin', dreams are heaven
Like sippin' nectar from a buttercup
Mm, mm, mm, mm
So keep your eyes closed, boys, and keep on dreamin'
And maybe you won't ever wake up

Scene 1
The Office of the Premier, Fredericton, NB: April, 1973

RICHARD is asleep at his cluttered desk, dreaming. Suddenly the phone rings. He bolts to attention and answers it.

RICHARD: Hello, Claude. Ca va? *(Pause.)* Ici? Il y a beaucoup de l'eau ici, c'est bizarre. *(Pause.)* Merci, Claude, moi aussi. J'aime les Acadiens comme…comme mon main droit! Et je voudrais dire que… *(Pause.)* 'Scusez, Claude… "ma" main droit, d'accord. *(Pause.)* The Saint John by-election? No, no I'm not concerned. Of course Turnbull's putting on quite a show, but let's face it, Claude, in the unlikely event the Liberals take the seat, our majority remains unassailable. *(Pause.)* Yes, you're right, we have accomplished a lot. Francophone school boards in Moncton, yes. Infrastructure's been upgraded and

the Public Purchasing Act will be a very positive step. *(Pause.)* Absolutely, the political life is very…rewarding. It really is. Talk to you tomorrow. *(Pause.)* Eight A.M.? *(Laughs.)* Très droll. Six P.M. Happy hour. The Dip. Salut. *(Hangs up.)*

Driftin'

RICHARD: **When I was just a boy**
In Hartland—my greatest joy
Was to grab a coke from the fridge
And ride my bike through the covered bridge
New Brunswick became my passion
Her francophones, her farms and her fashion
The sound o' gulls and the taste o' the sea
And the young men fishin' on the Miramichi
So I told my Daddy one Sunday
"I'm gonna be the leader here one day,"
He said, "Dick, it doesn't seem yur
Really the type to get elected premier,"
But I ran and I won the race
And what do you know? I took Robichaud's place!
Now you'd figure that I'd be content
But after the three long years I've spent
I'm driftin'…

BAND: **He's driftin'**

RICHARD: **Buildin' bridges and schools, I'm just—**

BAND: **He's driftin'**

RICHARD: **Tryin' to play by the rules, I'm just—**
Driftin'…
I've gotta find some kind of focus
Political hocus pocus
Something that will inspire
Something to light a fire
Beneath the wretched rumps
Of these provincial chumps
Who think the status quo
Is still the only way to go
My thoughts are quick and nimble
I need some kind of symbol
That says "a brand new day"
And lifts us high above the fray
A venture is essential
To unlock our potential
We've got so much to prove
But somehow I can't shift us into the groove
I'm driftin'…

BAND: **He's driftin'**

RICHARD: **Writin' writs and reports, I'm just— Driftin'…**

BAND: **He's driftin'**

RICHARD: **Readin' memos and torts, I'm just—**
Driftin'…
I visit Dali daily
He's just across the way
And watch the Christ ascending
As we all hope to some day
But as he soars to heaven
Here I sit, just mortal clay
Trying to find the answer
Tryin' to chase these blues away
There's got to be something bolder out there
Something fresh to help us break free
I want to feel the wind in my hair

And show the world the man I could be
The man I could be!

BAND: **Holy liftin', he's driftin'**

RICHARD: **Like a dead salmon on the Miramichi, I'm just Driftin'**

A buzzer sounds. RICHARD speaks into his intercom.

No thanks, Millie. I've already had two sugar doughnuts and a French cruller.

MALCOLM pokes his head in the door.

MALCOLM: Premier Hatfield? Bricklin's the name. Malcolm Bricklin.

RICHARD: I'm afraid I'm drowning in paper today, Mr. Bricklin.

MALCOLM: Lucky you're in here. If you were out on Queen Street you'd be drowning, period.

RICHARD: Yes, the worst flood in fifty years. So I'm very busy and if—

MALCOLM: Fifteen minutes, Mr. Premier, you won't regret it. Take a look at this.

MALCOLM hands RICHARD a pamphlet. Guitar and keyboard sting.

RICHARD: A sports car?

MALCOLM: It's much more than a sports car—it's a dream. Freedom. Glamour. Adventure! For some the first truly great sexual experience of their life.

RICHARD: The doors, they open…up.

MALCOLM: Five major innovations. Tomorrow's car today.

RICHARD: Like wings…ascending…

MALCOLM: I'm putting every penny I have into this beauty. Over one million dollars. The First Bank of Philadelphia and New York interests are in for an additional mill. If you can help with the remaining finance—half a million—this province is going to shake up the world.

RICHARD: You want to build this car in New Brunswick?

MALCOLM: There's an old paint factory in Saint John that's perfect. And if we need more space, I checked it out. The province is full of empty warehouses. Why should Ontario monopolize the business?

RICHARD: "The Divine Right of Kings" I suppose.

MALCOLM: I've got the know-how. You've got the work force.

RICHARD: We do. All they need is work, preferably not in Ontario. But a sports car—a bit of a fantasy isn't it?

MALCOLM: I've already got orders for the first twenty-five hundred with dealer guarantees worth five point eight million. And we're production ready. If we start by September, a year from now these gorgeous works of art will be rollin' off the line. A year after that my business plan calls for sales of 10,000. By 1976 I project double that. So what do you think?

RICHARD: It's an amazing machine, very intoxicating—but—

High Risk Venture

MALCOLM: **Ain't no buts about it, baby**
This car's got sex appeal
You want to put this province on the map?
You just get behind that wheel
Can't you feel the power surgin'?
That power's somethin' we all need
We can assemble them right here, my friend
Put your foot on the gas and feel that speed

RICHARD: **It's a high risk venture**

MALCOLM: **But that's what makes it feel so hot**

RICHARD: **High risk venture**

MALCOLM: **You gotta give it all you got**

RICHARD: **High risk venture**

MALCOLM: **Don't wanna give it too much thought**

RICHARD: **High risk venture**

I don't know, I'd like to think the people of New Brunswick are ready for something this ambitious, but—

MALCOLM: Dick, Dick, Dick! Think back to when you were a kid, growing up in…

RICHARD: Hartland!

MALCOLM: **Think about your prom in Hartland**
You got a white tuxedo with a wide lapel
You're on a date with this amazing chick
Your engine's runnin', and you're scared as hell
But you put your arms around her
And you give the girl a tender embrace
You find her bra and open up that clasp
You know she's either gonna kiss you or she'll slap your face

RICHARD: **It's a high risk venture**

MALCOLM: **But that's what makes it feel so hot**

RICHARD: **High risk venture**

MALCOLM: **You gotta give it all you got**

RICHARD: **High risk venture**

MALCOLM: **Don't wanna give it too much thought**

RICHARD: **High risk venture**

RICHARD: MALCOLM:

When I was just a boy **Ain't no buts about it, baby**
In Hartland—my greatest joy
Was to grab a Coke from
the fridge **This car's got sex appeal**

And ride my bike through the covered bridge
I want to put this province on the map
That's why I told my Daddy one Sunday
I'm gonna be the leader here one day
I can feel it, I can feel it
Yes, I can!
Like the gulls, the taste of the sea
And the young men fishin' on the Miramichi!
We can assemble them right here
I know we can, Malcolm
'Cause I ran and I won the race!

You want to put this province on the map?
You just get behind that wheel
Can't you feel the power surging?
That power's somethin' we all need
We can assemble them right here my friend
Put your foot on the gas and feel that speed

BAND: **It's a high risk venture**
M. + R.: **But that's what makes it feel so hot**
BAND: **High risk venture**
M. + R.: **You gotta give it all you got**
BAND: **High risk venture**
M. + R.: **Don't wanna give it too much thought**
BAND: **High risk venture**
RICHARD: **I'm gonna give it a shot!**

(Into his intercom.) Millie, cancel everything, and toss all this paperwork in the trash! *(To MALCOLM.)* I'm buying you a vodka martini at The Cos, Malcolm. I swear, they make 'em better than the Copa!

MALCOLM: The Copa?
RICHARD: Copacabana! Me and Truman go all the time.
MALCOLM: Truman?
RICHARD: CAPOTEEEEEE!!!

RICHARD takes MALCOLM by the arm as they exit. Transition music.

Scene 2

A Run-Down Living Room, Minto, NB: June 1973

GERRARD, a handsome working class guy, sits at the table opposite MICHELLE, who is dressed in an old flannel shirt and cut-off jeans. He is reading the newspaper 'help wanted' section, sipping from a quart of Ten-Penny.

MICHELLE: Anything?

GERRARD: Edmundston-Fraser Paper.

MICHELLE: Hey, that might be good.

GERRARD: Edmundston's 200 miles past Fredericton!

MICHELLE: You could come back weekends.

GERRARD: That town stinks.

MICHELLE: That's the smell of prosperity.

GERRARD: Yeah but the pulp still stinks.

GERRARD drops paper on the table. MICHELLE picks it up and scans it.

MICHELLE: That's it?

GERRARD: Baby, we don't have to be in such a hurry. I still got five whole weeks left on my Pogie. *(GERRARD takes a swig from his quart of Ten-Penny, ponders a bit.)* I been thinkin'—you know what I really need, Michelle?

MICHELLE: No, what?

GERRARD: A nice tall glass to drink my beer out of.

MICHELLE: Gerrard!

GERRARD: All we got's stupid coffee mugs and ole Schwartz's mustard glasses!

MICHELLE: Those mustard glasses are antiques!

GERRARD: All them hearts and clubs and spades and diamonds all over 'em. Makes me feel like a poker playin' dog on a hunting camp wall. And the damn things barely hold a mouthful. I mean, that's fine for rum and that but—

MICHELLE: Gerrard, we're talkin' employment not alcoholic enjoyment.

GERRARD: All right, all right! *(Takes the paper.)* Says here they got a grant

this summer for that new “historic site” down by Mactaquac. Eight to ten weeks work. Probably have to dress up like a Loyalist— chop some wood, haul some water or some other touristy crap.

MICHELLE: It’s called “acting”, Gerrard. Hey— they list “penny whistle” as a useful skill. I’ll bet you could—

GERRARD: If I played it right, I could make just enough stamps for a new claim, then get myself fired.

MICHELLE: Yeah, then maybe you could buy some more Ten- penny, slouch at the kitchen table and bitch for another six months. Good plan.

GERRARD: Michelle, sweetie, don’t worry— that’s not gonna happen.

MICHELLE: You sure? The last six months have been hellish.

GERRARD: ‘Course I’m sure. Eight weeks work —four months Pogie—that’s the max.

MICHELLE: I am serious.

GERRARD: So am I. I mean, it’s not like I haven’t been working all these months I’ve been on UIC. January —I fixed the ski-doo and sharpened the chain saw and laid in enough wood for next winter.

MICHELLE: Wood you stole off crown land.

GERRARD: February I got my moose.

MICHELLE: Out of season.

GERRARD: March I cut that load of pulp. Made a few bucks there.

MICHELLE: Under the table.

GERRARD: Come on, you don’t blow a six month claim for three weeks in the woods. And I made enough to buy them swish barrels. You’ve got to admit that was a very wise investment.

MICHELLE: The basement is full of old whiskey barrels and flies.

GERRARD: I sold twenty gallons of what's coming out of those barrels in April and—

MICHELLE: Took off the entire month of May.

GERRARD: Geez woman. May. Mayflies. Ya gotta fish.

MICHELLE: If I didn't get that job at The Snack Shoppe—

GERRARD: You'd have had to cancel your subscriptions to TV Guide, Modern Screen and Chatelaine.

MICHELLE: Those magazines are my life line to the real world and my job is—

GERRARD; Minimum wage, part-time and over in September. That's the real world and you won't even get a claim out of it.

MICHELLE: I cannot live the rest of my life like this!

GERRARD: Like what?

MICHELLE: Hand to mouth. Hustle to hustle. Claim to claim.

GERRARD: Why not? Everyone else around here does.

MICHELLE: I know. That's the problem.

Minto

MICHELLE: **I been thinkin' 'bout other places, baby**

GERRARD: **I hope you're not sayin' what I think you're sayin'**

MICHELLE: **I can't take this town any longer, baby**

GERRARD: **Surely you don't mean that you'd consider leavin'**
Minto—a place that's bred in your bones
Minto—a place to call your own
Minto—where you know who you are
Minto—you're a brightly shining superstar in
Minto—the population is fine in
Minto—even if it's on a steady

decline
Minto—I don't care what you say 'bout
Minto—I will never, ever go away
Minto will always be my home

MICHELLE:

Minto—a pot hole on a back street
Minto—where time moves like it's concrete
Minto—it seems like nothin' ever happens here In
Minto—except a hockey game or a bottle of beer In
Minto—where resources are depleted
Minto—and we'll always be defeated
Minto—this place is gonna drive me 'round the bend
My boredom never, ever seems to end

GERRARD:

Minto—a place that's bred in your bones
Minto—a place to call your own
Minto—where you know who you are
Minto—
You're a brightly shining superstar!

MICHELLE:

In Minto
Oh, Minto
Minto—every winter snow
Every summer slap at mosquito

Oh no!

GERRARD:

MICHELLE:

Listen to me please, honey
Geez, honey
Somethin's gotta give
We hafta make some money!
I don't need a lot
Just a shot
Honey, tell me what I got!

GERRARD:

Listen to me please, baby
Geez, baby
There's nothin' to do
Like be an Avon Lady!
When you wanna have fun
You can get your nails and your hair done!
I don't think you're thinkin' 'bout the things you're sayin'
It just don't make sense that you'd consider leavin'
Minto!

So you're dreamin' 'bout movin' to

the big, bad city? Listen to me, Michelle, Fredericton, Saint John —they'll eat you alive!

MICHELLE: No, Gerrard, we could make it—together. We can't spend our whole lives sitting around the kitchen doing nothing from morning to— *(She sees something in the paper.) Hold on. (Funky guitar riff begins and continues under action).)* What's that?

GERRARD: *(Pause.)* Sounds like a wah-wah pedal.

MICHELLE: I'm talking about the newspaper.

She grabs the paper from GERRARD and reads. CHORUS appears made up of other people reading newspapers.

CHORUS: **Opening soon in Minto, New Brunswick is a Manufacturing Plant for Bricklin Canada Limited We are offering eighty permanent positions Serious applicants are now invited to inquire**

MICHELLE: So now the government's gettin' into the car business.

GERRARD: Yeah? I'll believe it when I see it.

MICHELLE: Well there's a picture of it right here. Take a look.

GERRARD: *(Takes the paper.)* Holy liftin'! You gotta be kiddin' me!

MICHELLE: Pretty smooth, eh?

GERRARD: Look at those doors! Oh baby…this could be the start of something big!

They kiss. MICHELLE takes his hand and leads him off. Guitar solo as they exit.

Scene 3: CBC Studios, Saint John, NB: September 1973

Saint John, New Brunswick. LARRY CONNOLLY, a reporter, is interviewing MALCOM.

LARRY: Hello and welcome back—I'm Larry Connolly and you're listening to Rollin Home on CBC Saint John.

Today we're talking to Malcolm Bricklin, the cowboy promoter behind Bricklin Canada Ltd. A millionaire by the age of 21, Mr. Bricklin is now pursuing the dream of a lifetime: to become the first man outside The Big Three to create a new production model automobile—right here in New Brunswick! Mr Bricklin—

MALCOLM: Call me Mal-

LARRY: Mal— It's a pretty exciting time and a pretty ambitious plan—how are things going?

The Entrepreneur

MALCOLM: **We've made great strides**
The last few months, Larry
Get a load of this:
I've opened up a new office
In the tallest building in Phoenix
Totally redecorated
Like Main Street in a John Wayne flick
With a saloon and a brothel and a barbershop
Everyone'll have a different office
In a different storefront
Me? I'll be The Marshall

MALCOLM puts on his cowboy hat.

MALCOLM: Next question. And don't pull any punches, now.

LARRY: How'd you get started?

MALCOLM: **When I was growing up in Florida**
I started out sellin' lemonade
I had to squeeze a lot of lemons
But it felt good when I was gettin' paid
Then when I went to university
I spent my days wastin' time and space
Till one day I learned the secret
To the staggering success of the human race:
It's the entrepreneur

The entrepreneur

LARRY: *(Writing on a note pad.)* **The entrepreneur…**

MALCOLM: **I've got a vehicle with five major innovations:**
Urethane bumpers and the first acrylic chassis
No chrome, push-button gull wing doors
They're gonna be linin' up from Tinseltown to
Tallahassee
I'm puttin' people and product together, Larry
I'm makin' deals each and every day
It's the key to our economy
It's the Great American Way
Our cities would all be ghost towns
Our cupboards would all be bare
If it weren't for the folks like me
Sellin' hard to the folks out there

BAND: **He's the entrepreneur**

MALCOLM: **You wanna prize that'll dazzle the guys**
You're sick and tired of wearin' neck ties

BAND: **The entrepreneur**

MALCOLM: **You wanna try what the rich folks buy**
Let me sell you a franchise

BAND: **The entrepreneur**

MALCOLM: **You wanna car that'll raise the bar**
Put your hand in the cookie jar

BAND: **The entrepreneur**

MALCOLM: **You wanna cruise, wanna blow the blues**
You wanna feel like a rock star

Scene 4
Bricklin Assembly Plant, Minto, NB: February 1974.

RICHARD enters followed by MALCOLM.

RICHARD: Delays, delays, nothing but delays.

MALCOLM: Minor setbacks.

RICHARD: They tell me the vehicle weighs too much for the suspension. Is that true?

MALCOLM: The roll cage is a bit heavier than anticipated, yes. We're workin' on it.

RICHARD: And it overheats at fifty?

MALCOLM: We're thinkin' about switchin' from a single to a double scoop.

RICHARD: Sixty percent of the bodies are cracking on the assembly line.

MALCOLM: Don't worry, my dad's come up with a new testing procedure. It's brilliant. He hits 'em with a hammer!

RICHARD: I see. *(Pause.)* Mal—I had a little soirée last night after The Divine Edith's concert. Alden, Antonine, Dalton, Claude, everyone was there. Have you read that book of Alden's that I gave you?

MALCOLM: It's on the top of the pile, but I've been very busy.

RICHARD: Well you must. His poem about the moose—it's sublime. Anyway, after the crowd died down I opened a bottle of Jameson, and the conversation turned to politics. Around 3:00 in the morning, do you know what my friends told me? They said they were worried, seriously concerned about my prospects in the upcoming election.

MALCOLM: Well, there are always a few hurdles in an election campaign, aren't there, Dick? I'm sure you'll be able to—

RICHARD: Yes, hurdles—that's the very word Dalton used. He said, "Richard, the

biggest hurdle you have to overcome is the fact that you've pumped millions into this bloody Bricklin boondoggle—

MALCOLM: Boondoggle?

RICHARD: —and not one vehicle has yet been produced!"

MALCOLM: But you see, that's exactly why I asked you to come up here.

RICHARD: He thinks I should reconsider the whole project.

MALCOLM: Dalton's an egghead, Dick. Don't listen to him.

RICHARD: Dalton's a political genius!

MALCOLM: Sure he is, but nobody listens to him. *(Calls offstage.)* Gerrard—ready back there?

GERRARD: *(Offstage.)* Almost, Mister Bricklin.

RICHARD: Have you looked in the *Telegraph-Journal* recently? To quote Alden: "Strangers are conversing excitedly as they do during disasters."

MALCOLM Disaster? What disaster? A few little delays and—

A huge crash from offstage.

RICHARD: Perhaps I made a mistake getting into the sports car business.

MALCOLM: *(Calls offstage.)* Gerrard, what the hell's goin' on?

GERRARD: *(Offstage.)* Sorry, Mr. Bricklin. *(He grunts loudly.)* Just fine-tuning.

RICHARD: I don't want this to turn into an election issue!

MALCOLM: Neither do I.

RICHARD: If I lose this election, what do you think happens to you and your company?

MALCOLM: You've got to relax, trust me a little, partner.

RICHARD: You've put me in a very difficult position here, Mal. I don't think you fully appreciate that.

MALCOLM: Oh I do, buddy, I do. And I've got something for you that will put the glint back in your eye.

RICHARD: Yeah?

MALCOLM: The swagger back in your step.

RICHARD: Yeah?

MALCOLM: The lead back in your pencil.

RICHARD: Really.

MALCOLM: *(Calls offstage.)* Gerrard? I got nothin' left out here!

GERRARD: *(Offstage.)* Okay, Mr. Bricklin. I'd say we're just about—

A smaller crash.

(Offstage, sing-song.) Just a minute!

RICHARD: Millions invested and we still don't have a single vehicle rolling off the production line. I'm beginning to think the people of New Brunswick would be better off if I pulled the plug on this whole—

The Bricklin rolls on with GERRARD. It is pristine, impossibly gorgeous.

Beautiful

MAL. + GER.: **Beautiful**
So beautiful
It takes your breath away
There's nothing left to say
Beautiful
So beautiful
A perfect work of art
It's bound to break your heart
Beautiful
So beautiful
Just like the break of day
It takes your breath away
Beautiful
So beautiful

MALCOLM: So what do you think, Dick?

RICHARD: I think this is going to turn into an election issue.

MALCOLM: It doesn't have to, now that we're in production—

RICHARD: No, no, no. I'm going to make it an election issue. Take your pick—the future: this spectacular, world-class vehicle. Or the past: woodlots, lobster traps and UIC. The Liberals have so little faith in this province

they think that's all we can do. Well the Liberals are wrong, and this miracle of modern engineering, this vision of the future, this masterpiece—it's going to be all the proof I need. In years to come they are going to call this campaign The Bricklin Election!

MALCOLM: I like the sound of that.

RICHARD: As my mother says, "You catch more flies with molasses than you do with vinegar." Let's celebrate, Malcolm. The Martinique!

GERRARD: Uh, Mr. Premier? Mr. Bricklin? I just wanted to tell the two of ya… this is pretty much the best job I ever had.

RICHARD: Glad to hear it Gerrard.

RICHARD shakes GERRARD's hand and exits.

MALCOLM: But I don't want to hear any more of that Mr. Bricklin crap. *(Slaps GERRARD on the back.)* Call me Mal.

GERRARD: All right. Mal.

MALCOLM: *(Exiting.)* See you tomorrow.

GERRARD dials a phone on the garage wall.

GERRARD: Hey, baby, you wouldn't a believed it! The car came out smooth as silk, like she was floatin' on air. The Premier was standin' right here in the garage, and we blew him away! *(Pause.)* Yeah, the Premier, I'm not kiddin'! His eyes were poppin' outa his head! *(Pause.)* Well, no, I couldn't get the engine to start like I wanted, so I rolled 'er on. *(Pause.)* Uh, yeah, that's why I called. You see, I won't make it back for supper tonight, Michelle. Got too much work to do. You go ahead without me. *(Pause.)* I got no choice, baby. Mr. Bricklin told me, he says, uh, the two of us have to stay and work on the rocker panel tonight. I can't say no to Mr. Bricklin, can I? *(Pause.)* Well just put the darn meatloaf in the fridge and I'll have some when I get home! You don't have to take a hairy fit!

GERRARD flinches at the loud hang up in his ear, then hangs up himself. Then he turns the factory lights down to a softer glow. As he approaches the Bricklin SV-1, a sensuous groove begins. He hauls

out a shammy cloth and begins to polish the car.

Spark Plugs

GERRARD: **Time to check your spark plugs, baby**
Time to open your hood
I got my super-shiner shammy cloth ready
I'm gonna wax you up real good
I wanna calibrate your brake pads
Decorate your dash board
Lubricate your crankshaft, baby
Make you purr so sweet
'Cause when your carburetor's hummin'
And your engine's runnin' cool and steady
You knock me off of my feet
Yes, I know
You got problems
There's still so much we gotta do
That's the way it always seems to be
When you're startin' something new
But I swear
All those problems They're gonna pass in time
And the whole wide world is gonna love you
'Cause baby—you're so fine
(Spoken.) You know—I've driven a lot of sports cars in my life, baby. But I've never been behind the wheel of anything compares to you. Your lines are just so smooth and… sensual. It's not something a man can explain. Sometimes it's hard to find the words, but I take just one look at you and I gotta say—you're not the only one gettin' overheated.
Yes, I know
You got problems
There's still so much we gotta do
That's the way it always seems to be
When you're startin' something new
But I swear
All those problems
They're gonna pass in time
And the whole wide world is gonna love you
'Cause baby—you're so fine
Hold on to your horsepower, baby
We're gonna have a little fun
Gonna rotate your lug nuts
One by one

Gonna check your brakeline fluid
Vacuum up your floors
Gonna push your buttons baby
And open up your doors!
Your gull wing doors!

The doors open slowly and majestically as the Bricklin spins, mirror balls twinkle and the music crescendos. As the Bricklin stops spinning, GERRARD sits on the hood and lights a cigarette.
And don't worry, baby. What happens in the factory stays in the factory.

Scene 5
The Beaverbrook Gallery, Fredericton, NB: October 1974

MALCOLM enters with RICHARD.

RICHARD: Funny, but the best place to get away from the press gallery is the art gallery. So when you said you wanted to talk to me in private, well, this is the most private public place in Fredericton.

MALCOLM: You're brilliant.

RICHARD: No, you're brilliant.

MALCOLM: No you.

RICHARD: No you. People love the car, you know. I'm drawing crowds wherever we go.

MALCOLM: That's great, Dick.

RICHARD: It is. And how about you? Things going well in Saint John?

MALCOLM stops and looks up.

MALCOLM: Man, that is some horse.

RICHARD: Reminds you of your rough and tumble cowboy days in Phoenix, perhaps?

MALCOLM: Uh, not really.

RICHARD: I find the dynamic thrust of the image, almost bursting out of the canvas…well, it's an inspiration. There's no other word for it.

MALCOLM: Make a hell of a hood ornament.

RICHARD: It would indeed. Although I wouldn't mention that to Mr. Dali.

MALCOLM: Who's he?

RICHARD: The artist.

MALCOLM: He "sensitive" about commerce?

RICHARD: Not at all. In fact, Mr Dali's love of commerce has done quite a bit of damage to his reputation as the pre-eminent surrealist. But that doesn't stop him from painting the landscape of dreams.

MALCOLM: The three of us, we got somethin' in common.

RICHARD: We do?

MALCOLM: Crazy dreams.

RICHARD: *(Jack Benny pause.)* Of course. What can I do for you?

MALCOLM: Dick—we got a little problem.

RICHARD: Nothing too serious I hope. You know how important the Bricklin's become in this election.

MALCOLM: Now we got production up and running the cars are comin' off the line, and they look dynamite. But there are still a few minor technical problems to iron out, and that's causin' delays and…well… we're gonna need a little bridge financing.

RICHARD: How much?

MALCOLM: Another million would do it.

RICHARD: Another million? *(Pause, RICHARD thinks.)* It's a very sensitive time, Malcolm. The election's less than a month away.

MALCOLM: I've got creditors breathing down my damn neck, Dick, and if you don't get me this money, I'm afraid —

RICHARD: That's not what I'm saying. I'll get you the money you need, don't worry. But there is an art to governance, you tell the people what they want to hear then give them what you know they need. You'll get the money but you'll have to do things my way.

MALCOLM: What's that?

Keep It Under Your Hat

RICHARD: **Keep it under your hat**
Don't even whisper a word
Be astute and discreet
Don't report or repeat
A single thing that you've heard
Keep your line in the lake
Until the fish has been hooked
Right now the water's too hot
So keep the lid on the pot
Until the consommé's cooked
Well I'm no Richard Nixon
And you're no profiteer
All our dealings are legitimate
Our motivations, sincere
But it's always good to appear austere
Do I make myself clear?

MALCOLM: **I'll keep it under my hat**
And keep my hat on my head
I'll be astute and discreet
I won't report or repeat
A single thing that you've said
I'll keep my cards up my sleeve
Until the chips have been brought in
I'll keep it all under wraps
So I'll avoid all the traps
That looser tongues have been caught in
Well I ain't Haldeman or Erlichman
And you sure ain't John Dean
This deal is strictly on the up and up
It ain't no Ponzi scheme

RICHARD: **But it's got to be clear that our hands are clean**
If you know what I mean
So keep it under your hat

MALCOLM: **I'll keep it under my hat**

RICHARD: **Until the facts are revealed**
MALCOLM: **Until the facts are revealed**
RICHARD: **When awkward questions arise**
MALCOLM: **I'll keep my eyes on the prize**
BOTH: **And keep your/my lips tightly sealed**
RICHARD: **No point in spillin' the beans**
MALCOLM: **No point in spillin' the beans**
RICHARD: **No use in chewin' the fat**
MALCOLM: **No use in chewin' the fat**
RICHARD: **Don't flap your gums like a fool**
MALCOLM: **Remember this simple rule:**
BOTH: **Just keep it under your hat**
Ain't nothing' wrong with that!

Scene 6
A Run-Down Living Room, Minto, NB: October 1974

MICHELLE is sitting on the couch, watching TV while on the phone.

MICHELLE: Mr. Bricklin wants you to work late again? But you've only been home for supper maybe four or five nights in the last three weeks! What are you doin' out there, anyway? *(Pause.)* The rocker panel cracked? Again? Come on! I spend the whole day slinging burgers in that freakin' Snack Shoppe and the one pleasure I look forward to is watchin' TV with my sweetie, and you're talkin' 'bout rocker panels and roll bars? What the heck is a rocker panel, anyway? *(Little pause.)* No, don't tell me, I don't give a crap. It's Thursday night, Gerrard, our favourite show's on, and you should be sitting on the couch watching it with me, not out there rocking panels! *(Pause.)* My mood ring is turning dark, dark black here, Gerrard! Gerrard? Don't you dare hang up on me, you… Ahhh!

MICHELLE hangs up the phone.

Oil On His Collar

MICHELLE: **Gerrard—Why do you have to make it so hard?**
Gerrard—You leave my heart all battered and scarred
Gerrard—Why don't you ever let down your guard?
Gerrard—You always seem to hold every card
When we met, I was your sole obsession
But lately, all you do is talk compression

Which leaves me here makin' this confession:
When I'm alone and I'm feelin' real low
I grab the phone and get a pizza to go
I turn the TV on and then the tears flow
Watchin' *Hawaii Five-O*
Book him Danno
Lock him up so he can't get away
Book him Danno
I'm beginnin' to suspect foul play
Book him Danno
I'm no fool, I know what I seen
Book him Danno
Oil on his collar and the smell of gasoline
It used to be that you had only one ambition:
To fit your key into my ignition
Now when you come home, you're in no condition
Which leaves me here, feelin sad and blue
Without my baby I got nothin' to do
I'm sick to death of watchin old Kung Fu
So tonight I'm gonna say what I want to:
Book him Danno
Don't you dare let him out of your sights
Book him Danno
I don't care if you read him his rights
Book him Danno
Just lock him up tonight and throw away the key
Book him Danno
I wanna make him regret the day
That he lied to me

MICHELLE is so moved she pulls out a cowbell and plays a cowbell solo.

Book him Danno
Lock him up with the Ricks and the Roys
And the rest of the boys
Book him Danno
Let him sit around and play night and day
With his little boy toys
Gerrard—Why do you have to make it so hard?
Gerrard—You leave my heart all battered and scarred

The door bell rings. MICHELLE answers it. The PIZZA GUY is there.

MICHELLE: Took you long enough.

PIZZA GUY: Double cheese, mushrooms, extra sausage. That's six seventy-five.

MICHELLE: Oh damn, I forgot to go to the bank. I've only got two fifty on me.

PIZZA GUY: Well, how do you intend to pay for this pizza, ma'am?

BAND starts playing funky porno music. PIZZA GUY smiles.

MICHELLE: Hey— *(BAND stops.)*

PIZZA GUY: *(Disappointed.)* Awww…

MICHELLE: Hold onto your sausage, pizza guy. I've got ten bucks in the kitchen.

Scene 7
Market Square, Saint John, NB, November 1974

A political rally is underway. A small CROWD has gathered around JOHN TURNBULL who is delivering a barn-burner. They ad lib responses to his speech.

TURNBULL: Premier Hatfield is forever going on about "our future". Well, I can't foretell the future, but I've seen what's gone on in the past—an endless round of half-baked ideas pouring out of Cabinet with not so much as a nod in the direction of the Legislature. Debate in the House? "It's not necessary because the Premier can see the future." Well I don't need a crystal ball to tell you—if this government isn't brought under control, what we've got in our future is a huge pile of debt.

The CROWD ad libs their concern.

There is no better example of this problem than the Bricklin, a car designed by a Mr. Herb Grasse, the same 'dude' in 'LA' who gave us The Batmobile, The Munster's Dracmobile and The Monkey- mobile. Now Mr. Bricklin has brought us a made in New Brunswick version—I call it The Debt-mobile.

Laughter and ad libs of disapproval from the CROWD.

When are we going to stop this nonsense and put a party into power that will run this province on solid traditions? When are we going trade in flights of fancy for good old-fashioned common sense? I say the time is now!

We hear the roar of an engine and the honking of a horn.

Let's tell the premier how we feel!

Beautiful (Reprise)

CROWD: **One, two, three, four**
Throw the Tories out the door!
Five, six, seven, eight
Kick their butts and set them straight!
One, two, three, four
Throw the Tories out the door!
Five, six, seven, eight
Kick their butts and set them straight!

As they chant, we hear the Bricklin approach. The CROWD is taken aback by the spectacle.

TURNBULL: **What the…**
CROWD: **One, two… three**
Throw the Tories…
Five…
Beautiful
So beautiful
It takes your breath away
There's nothing left to say
TURNBULL: **Come on, citizens!**
One, two, three, four
Throw the—
CROWD: **Beautiful!**
TURNBULL: **Five, six, seven—**
CROWD: **So beautiful!**
TURNBULL: **Oh, for God's sakes!**
CROWD: **A perfect work of art**
It's bound to break your heart
Beautiful
So beautiful
TURNBULL: **Hatfield!** *(He gives up and exits.)*
CROWD: **Just like the break of day**
It takes your breath away
Beautiful
So beautiful…
Beautiful
So beautiful…

Scene 8
The Beaverbrook Hotel, Fredericton, NB: November 18, 1974

Lights up on the ballroom of The Lord Beaverbrook Hotel. GERRARD has a camera hung around his

neck and is is polishing the Bricklin. Behind the car is a banner with the slogan "Building a Better New Brunswick".

LARRY hovers with head phones on, holding a mic with a CBC logo on it. LARRY is part of the news team, at times on air, at times listening to other commentators on his head phones and at times communicating with his producer.

MALCOLM enters.

MALCOLM: Liberals 25 seats. Conservatives 33! We won! Whooo-eee!

Everyone cheers.

BAND GUY: Hey, what about the NDP?

A shocked pause, then everyone laughs uproariously. LARRY starts to make his report.

LARRY: *(On air.)* Welcome back to Decision '74. And it's official: the CBC Election Desk has declared a Conservative majority government. A jubilant crowd has gathered here at The Lord Beaverbrook Hotel in anticipation of the arrival of Premier Richard Hatfield, who has staged a masterful campaign that will go down in history as The Bricklin Election.

LARRY cups his hand to his headset, like he's listening to the studio anchorman commenting.

MALCOLM: *(Crossing to GERRARD.)* The Bricklin Election. This is really something, isn't it Gerry? All I wanted to do was build a beautiful car and, to tell you the truth, I just followed the money. But now look at me. Look at this car. Get a shot with me and Larry.

MALCOLM poses with LARRY. GERRARD takes the picture then LARRY is called back to camera.

LARRY: *(On air.)* That's right, Jim. The Premier is on his way down from Hartland. As you know, he always watches the returns with his mother.

MALCOLM: *(To camera.)* That's a very good man you got running this province, folks. A family man with heart and vision.

MICHELLE enters dressed in a very tight disco jumpsuit.

MICHELLE: Gerrard!

GERRARD: We won!!!

GERRARD and MICHELLE hug.

BAND GUY: Hey—The Premier's on his way in!

MALCOLM: He's here! The man of the hour! Are you ready, people?

(Cheers.) I can't hear you! *(Bigger cheers.)* Hit it boys!

The BAND starts playing.

RICHARD enters, triumphant. He gladhands his way through the crowd.

RICHARD: *(Almost cool.)* **Ow!**

Everyone breaks into a disco dancing celebration.

We Won Thirty-Three

ALL: **We won thirty-three!**
RICHARD: **Say what?**
ALL: **Say Disco Dick!**
One more majority!
Ooh, ooh, ooh
We won thirty-three!
RICHARD: **Uh-huh, uh-huh**
ALL: **One more majority!**
Ooh, ooh, ooh
We won thirty-three!
RICHARD: **C'est quoi?**
ALL: **C'est Disco Dick!**
One more majority!
Ooh, ooh, ooh
We won thirty-three!
RICHARD: **Comme ça, comme ça**
ALL: **One more majority!**
Ooh, ooh, ooh
RICHARD: **From Mactaquac to Bartibog Bridge**
From Doaktown to Boiestown to Keswick Ridge
From Quispamsis to Village-des-Cormier
The people of New Brunswick have spoken today
ALL: **From Tracadie up in Acadie to Kouchibouguac**
From Blackville to Sackville to Petitcodiac
From Grand Manan all the way to Grand Falls
We all stand tall when our destiny calls
From Shediac up to Sugarloaf by

the Baie Des Chaleurs

RICHARD: *(Stopping them.)* **Ladies and Gentlemen, Mesdames et Monsieurs!**
Your choice was clear when the results began to trickle in
Now let's go and celebrate—in my Bricklin!

ALL: **We won thirty-three!**

RICHARD: **Say what?**

ALL: **Say Disco Dick!**
One more majority!
Ooh, ooh, ooh

RICHARD: **In my Bricklin!**

ALL: **We won thirty-three!**

RICHARD: **Uh-huh, comme ça**

ALL: **One more majority!**
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh
We won thirty-three!

The BAND slows to underscoring. Dancing continues.

MICHELLE: Mister Premier!

RICHARD: Richard please. Everyone calls me Richard. When they're not calling me Disco Dick. An unfortunate sobriquet but on occasions like tonight, not without its justifications. I love a party. But there's no party like the Conservative Party of New Brunswick. Wow. That's good! *(Beat.)* Thank you for your support.

MICHELLE: It's an honor sir.

RICHARD: Richard

MICHELLE: Richard. Michelle.

RICHARD: It's a wonderful moment isn't it Michelle? Tonight I feel like…like Santiago el Grande!

MICHELLE: Sant-i-ago?

RICHARD: You don't know Santiago el

Grande? It's a marvelous painting in the art gallery. Right next door.

MICHELLE: Oh yeah? I've never been.

RICHARD: Well you must go. It's a fabulous place. Santiago el Grande is their prize possession. It's by Salvador Dali, the surrealist. And you should check out the latest exhibit: they've taken pewter to a whole new level.

MICHELLE: Sorry, I don't know much about art.

RICHARD: But you know what you like.

MICHELLE: No, I don't even know what I like.

RICHARD: How can that be? Everyone knows what they like— everyone has a voice deep inside them leading them to their heart's desire.

MICHELLE: Well, I got my dreams, that's for sure.

RICHARD: Don't give up on them, Michelle. As Dali says: "Only dreams can save you". A la prochain!

He exits, MICHELLE crosses to GERRARD who has been polishing the Bricklin.

MICHELLE: We gonna party down tonight, or what?

GERRARD: You bet.

MICHELLE: I got a bottle of Baby Duck back at the motel—on ice.

GERRARD: Great.

MICHELLE: And Barry White on the eight-track and you know I can't get enough of your love, babe.

MICHELLE sits on the bumper.

GERRARD: Michelle! You'll scratch the finish!

MICHELLE: I won't scratch the finish on your stupid car.

GERRARD: Don't talk about my baby like that.

MICHELLE: Your baby!

MICHELLE pounds on the hood.

GERRARD: Stop that! My job is to take care of this car during this election and—

MICHELLE: This isn't a job it's an obsession.

GERRARD: Oh man, I can't win can I?

MICHELLE: What's that supposed to mean?

GERRARD: You tell me I got to get a job. So I get a job and now there's something wrong with me 'cause I'm doing it right. There's no way to make you happy. No way. The only place you're ever happy is in some kind of dream world. Well we don't live in a dream world—we live in Minto.

MICHELLE: Don't you talk to me about dream worlds—I'm not the one with an unnatural affection for an overblown hunk of Tupperware!

GERRARD: Michelle this "sexy" little honey just won an election!

Fed up, MICHELLE walks away. MALCOLM stops her.

MALCOLM: *(Looks MICHELLE up and down.)* Mmm, mmm. They oughta make you get a license for your jumpsuit, honey. That thing's dangerous.

MICHELLE: It was on sale over at Woolco.

MALCOLM: You are mighty mighty, and you're lettin' it all hang out!

MICHELLE: I'm glad somebody noticed.

MALCOLM: *(Moves in closer.)* Look, I got a proposition for you. A business proposition. I'm talkin' about promotions.

MICHELLE: Promotions?

MALCOLM: I need a model. You know, to do the trade shows, greet potential investors, sit on the hood of the car, showcase the interior.

MICHELLE: I don't know, sir…

MALCOLM: Please—call me Mal. You'll make ten thousand a year. Plus expenses.

MICHELLE: Holy crap! Really? Well, that's very generous— Mal—but I don't —

MALCOLM: 'Course you'll have to leave Minto. Move to St. John.

MICHELLE: *(Pause.)* Did you say Saint John?

Funky guitar riff kicks in.

MALCOLM: We'll be hittin' car shows all over the U.S.—Texas, Vegas, New York, L.A. I'm workin' on gettin' the SV-1 featured into the movies. What do you say?

MICHELLE looks over to GERRARD who is back to polishing the car, obsessing over a little scratch.

MICHELLE: I'm in.

MALCOLM: Far out!

LARRY approaches. He's carrying a camera.

LARRY: Mr. Bricklin, people are saying this election is in some ways as much a victory for you as it is for the Premier.

MALCOLM: No, no, no—Mr. Hatfield deserves all the credit. This is his night!

LARRY: But this Conservative majority does solidify your position, does it not?

MALCOLM: You got that right. You see, Once we get that next eight million we'll be in a great position to—

LARRY: Hold it, boys!

LARRY puts up his hand. The ACRYLIX stops playing. Everyone looks to LARRY and MALCOLM.

Did I hear you say that the province is giving you another eight million dollars?

RICHARD: *(From across the room.)* MALCOLM!!!

MALCOLM: Give or take a mill.

LARRY: And Hatfield's known about this throughout the election campaign?

MALCOLM: Of course. I mean, we are in business together.

LARRY: *(Approaches HATFIELD.)* Mr. Premier, I have a few questions for you!

RICHARD: Not now! *(To GERRARD.)* You, open the car doors! *(To the BAND.)* One more time, fellas!

ALL: **We won thirty-three!**

RICHARD: **Say what?**

ALL: **Say Disco Dick!**
One more majority!
Ooh, ooh, ooh

RICHARD runs from LARRY, climbs into the

Bricklin and closes the doors, sweating bullets.

LARRY: *(Shouting.)* Mr. Premier, is it true that you deliberately withheld knowledge about this extra eight million dollars for—

ALL: **We won thirty-three!**

RICHARD: **Say what?**

ALL: **Say Disco Dick!**
One more majority!
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh

LARRY: *(Shouting louder, pounding on the window.)* Mr. Premier, please, I'm trying to ask you about… Mr. Premier, please! (etc.)

ALL: **Ooh, ooh, ooh**
Ooh, ooh, ooh

As they sing, we see RICHARD panicking, pushing buttons inside the car. The headlights pop up, illuminate, and then one of them goes down while the other stays up.

Ooh, ooh, ooh Ooh,
ooh, ooh

Finally, RICHARD frantically rolls the window down, sticks his head out.

RICHARD: **I'm pushing all the buttons but the doors won't open!**
Someone, please, get me out of this thang!

ALL: **We want the Bricklin!**

RICHARD tries to climb out the window. Big flash as LARRY takes a photo.
End of Act I.

Act II

Scene 1
The New Brunswick Legislature, Fredericton, NB: December 1974

Question Period. RICHARD is standing, trying to answer a question. The Opposition—SHIRLEY, JOE and TURNBULL—are shouting him down. The SPEAKER is trying to maintain order.

Shame

OPP.: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**
BAND: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**
OPP.: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**
BAND: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**
SPEAKER: Hello**!** I'm Chuck Woodruff, Speaker of the House. Welcome to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick. It's time for Question Period.
OPP.: **I said shame, shame, shame, shame**
BAND: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**
OPP.: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**
BAND: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**
SPEAKER: **Order in the house!**
RICHARD: **Mister Speaker, if I may be allowed to continue The Bricklin is a—**
SHIRLEY: **Boondoggle!**
JOE: **Money pit!**
TURNBULL: **Pork barrel!**
RICHARD: **The Bricklin is a project with potential And details in a business deal are—**
SHIRLEY: **Cover up!**

JOE: **Conspiracy!**
TURNBULL: **Snow job!**
RICHARD: **As I was saying, Mister Speaker**
Details in a business deal are
Often very sensitive
So frequently it's necessary
For the sake of competition
To retain a high degree
Of confidentiality
OPP.: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**
RICHARD: **Mister Speaker, please!**
BAND: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**
SHIRLEY: **Boondoggle!**
JOE: **Money pit!**
OPP.: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**
RICHARD: **May I continue, Mister Speaker?**
TURNBULL: **Snow job!**
BAND: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**
JOE: **Conspiracy!**
SPEAKER: **Order in the house!**
OPP.: **I said shame, shame, shame, shame**
RICHARD: **If I could just get a few words in…**
BAND: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**
SHIRLEY: **Boondoggle!**
JOE: **Money pit!**
RICHARD: **… then perhaps I could answer**
Mister What's-his-name's question
OPP.: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**
TURNBULL: **It's Turnbull!**
BAND: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**
SHIRLEY: **Cover up!**
SPEAKER: **Order in the house!**
JOE: **Conspiracy!**
TURNBULL: **Snow job!**
SHIRLEY: **Boondoggle!**
JOE: **Money pit!**
ALL THREE: **Pork barrel!**
SPEAKER: **Listen to me now you pack of**
Imbecilic animals
The Floor recognizes
The Honourable Member from
Carleton Centre

So the rest of you clam up!

RICHARD: **Thank-you, Mr. Speaker**
Now, to return to what I—

JOE: **Boondoggle!**

SPEAKER: **Joe, please! The Floor doesn't recognize you**

JOE: **Must be my new sideburns**

RICHARD: **Once again, Mister Speaker**
There are mitigating—

TURNBULL: **Snow job!**

SPEAKER: **Turnbull, if you don't shut your face**
I'm gonna smack you with my mace
Mr. Premier—proceed

RICHARD: **Bricklin Canada's a private company**
And as such has a right, Mister Speaker
To keep its books closed!

OPP.: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**

RICHARD: **Here we go again**

BAND: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**

SHIRLEY: **Boondoggle!**

JOE: **Money pit!**

OPP.: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**

RICHARD: **They're kind of a one-trick pony**
Aren't they, Mister Speaker?

TURNBULL: **Snow job!**

BAND: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**

JOE: **Conspiracy!**

SPEAKER: **Order in the house!**

OPP.: **I said shame, shame, shame, shame**

RICHARD: **Kind of a one-trick pony**
Singin' a one-note samba

BAND: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**

SHIRLEY: **Boondoggle!**

JOE: **Money pit!**

RICHARD: **If the Honourable Member from Saint John Harbour**
Has anything further he's burning to ask me
I'd certainly happily answer his

question but—

OPP.: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**

BAND: **Shame, shame, shame, shame**

TURNBULL: **Pork barrel!**

SHIRLEY: **Cover up!**

SPEAKER: **Order in the house!**

JOE stands up and shouts.

JOE: **What about the rent rebate program for seniors?**

Music stops. Everyone looks at JOE.

SHIRLEY: Uh, Joe—

TURNBULL: We passed that bill in the fall.

JOE: We did?

TURNBULL: *(Aside.)* Shut up!

JOE sits.

SPEAKER: The Floor recognizes the member from Saint John Harbour.

Music resumes. TURNBULL stands.

TURNBULL: **I think we're all agreed, Mr. Speaker**
The Bricklin is a snazzy car
Don't get me wrong
The issue here's the Premier
Once more he's gone a bit too far

SHIRLEY: **That's right!**

JOE: **You tell 'im, John!**

TURNBULL: **He deliberately withheld the truth**
Campaigning in the last election
Hoping that his back room Bricklin deals
Would circumvent detection
Fortunately, though, due to
The Opposition's close inspection
All the facts will come to light
Despite the Premier's strong objection

SHIRL + JOE: **Fortunately, though, due to**
Our staunchly resolute inspection
All the facts will come to light
Despite the Premier's strong objection

TURNBULL: **Demonstrating as he has so often**
In my recollection:
Hatfield's ego's only bested
By his massive art collection
What do you think, rhythm section?

BAND: **We agree wholeheartedly**
And cannot think of one objection

TURNBULL: **Who's running the shop?**

SHIRLEY: **It changes every day**

JOE: **We keep on bleeding bucks**

TURNBULL: **What would an auditor say?**

SHIRLEY: **What happens if they fail?**

JOE: **Do we have a guarantee?**

TURNBULL: **Do you have a business plan?**

SHIRLEY: **Are there contracts we can see?**

RICHARD: **The Government…**

JOE: **Independent audit! Independent audit!** *(Continuing, adding SHIRLEY.)*

RICHARD: **Is not the only source…** *(Overlapping with TURNBULL.)*
Of funding…
Being accessed by the…
By the company which has demonstrably demonstrated…
Time and again…
It's market potential…
And so forth…
That is to say…

TURNBULL: **How many piggies can nose up to this trough?**
How much pork can crowd a barrel before the top pops off?
Premier Hatfield, it's plain as the nose on your face
This project's spiralling out of control and we demand an

OPP. + BAND: **Independent audit! Independent audit!** *(Continuing under.)*

RICHARD: **We must remember there are jobs at risk here…**

I am full of…
Full of…
Full of confidence!

TURNBULL: **Mr. Speaker, in light of this Premier's repeated evasions**
And ceaseless stonewalling
I feel compelled to ask:
Does this government have something to hide?

RICHARD: **Ridiculous!**

TURNBULL: **Then will the Premier once and for all**
Prove to the people of this great province
That he indeed has nothing to hide
By standing up and ordering today
An independent audit of Bricklin Canada Limited?

OPP. + BAND: **Independent audit! Independent audit!**
Independent audit! Independent audit!

RICHARD: **All right, damnit**
If that's the only thing
That will shut you blowhards up
I hereby order an independent audit Of Bricklin Canada Limited!

Music stops. The members of the Opposition look at each other in astonishment.

Now if you'll excuse me, I'm off to Upper Volta.

SPEAKER: Session is now concluded!

Everyone stands, starts to exit.

JOE: Quick drink for the road, Dick?

RICHARD: I could be convinced.

SPEAKER: River Room?

SHIRLEY: I'm game.

TURNBULL: First round's on me.

Music. TURNBULL and RICHARD exit, starting to argue again but not listening to each other. Dialogue is simultaneous. Use as much as needed to exit.

RICHARD: So John, as I was saying. This

examination of Bricklin operations. It's not as simple as it might at first blush appear. A number of independent studies need to be made and that of course will take time…

SPEAKER: Setting aside issues of corporate privacy for a moment or two, although it is safe to assume these issues must arise in the Spring session…

TURNBULL: It seems to me that this is a simple matter of looking at the books and then further to initial findings as presented to The Assembly moving in a logical and thorough manner…

JOE: It's going to take a regular Hercules to clean out this Stygian stable!

SHIRLEY: I think we'll need at least three separate consulting firms each tasked to examine…

Scene 2
The Riviera Hotel, Las Vegas, NV: May 1975

A car show in Las Vegas. MALCOLM paces in front of a Bricklin Display Area. Images of the Bricklin cycle through on a projection screen. MALCOLM looks at his watch. MICHELLE walks on in a tight rhinestone dress with a coffee in one hand, her shoes in the other.

MICHELLE: Ohhhh! Six months—all day, all night! Twenty Four Seven! I… I need hospitalization!

MALCOLM: Nice of you to finally show up, Michelle.

MICHELLE: Sorry. I was up all night with that sales rep from Akron Auto and "Big Bob" from Cleveland Chrysler.

MALCOLM: You sell 'em?

MICHELLE: Akron wants a franchise. Big Bob had something else on his mind.

MALCOLM: The car will do that to any red-blooded American boy.

MICHELLE: Somewhere between shooting craps at The Flamingo and swimming in the fountain at Caesar's I think I met Elvis. Oh my God. I almost got married last night.

MALCOLM: To Elvis?

MICHELLE: By Elvis. Ahhhhhhhhh! This is worse than that night with KC and the frickin' Sunshine Band.

MALCOLM: Well, I don't care if you married Liberace last night. When we have a show at 9 o'clock, I expect you to be here at 8:30, smilin', with your heels on! This isn't Minto, Michelle, it's Vegas.

MICHELLE: It's Min-noe, not Min-toe!

MALCOLM: Whatever!

A bell rings, announcing the opening of the show. Crowd noise.

Quick, pull yourself together—here they come.

MICHELLE: These heels…

MALCOLM: Will you just suck it up and try to act like a professional? Don't forget, there are a million girls who'd kill for a shot at your job.

MICHELLE: Thanks for the support.

MALCOLM: Support. You're not the one who needs support. I'm the one needs support. Back in St. John we got auditors walking out of the plant with cardboard boxes full of unpaid bills. And if that wasn't enough I just found out that new Ford engine we're putting into the car doesn't fit. I had to lay off a hundred and fifty guys while we re-jig the frame.

MICHELLE: I'm sorry.

MALCOLM: You should be sorry. The only thing keeps this business going is franchise sales.

MICHELLE: Right.

MALCOLM: And next week we're in New York City. The Big Apple! Richard's flying in with a plane full of smoked salmon and fiddleheads. National press, wall to wall celebs. Big time Michelle! That's what you wanted, isn't it?

MICHELLE: You bet.

MALCOLM: Ok then, let's get out there and sell, baby, sell.

MICHELLE drops her cigarette into the coffee and grabs a mic, spins and goes into her act, pointing to people in the gathering crowd as she sings. Suddenly MICHELLE is tough, polished, and hard as nails.

At the Disco

MICHELLE:

Hey dude, check out the car
Come on, give it a shot
I swear you're gonna love it
It's burnin' lava hot
Hey ma'am, you're pretty smooth
I see that look in your eyes
You know a deal when you see it
Would you like to buy a franchise?
Then after the show
If you wanna get down
We can all grab a cab
To this joint downtown
Woh-oh, woh-oh
It's the place that you got to go
Woh-oh, woh-oh
We'll start nice and slow
And let the music flow
They'll put the lights down low
And then we'll blow some dough
—ough—
ough—ough—ough
At the disco

MALCOLM: *(Into the mic.)* And let me tell you, folks, you ain't never done The Hustle till you've hustled with Michelle. Ain't that right, baby?

MICHELLE does a few fancy moves.

Woo-hoo! People, my name is Malcolm Bricklin and I believe in this car so much I put my name on it!

MICHELLE leads applause from the crowd.

Check out the lines, check out the body! Sure, you can read the performance reports in *Motor Trend* but I'm bettin' you read the article in *Playboy* first. Sales are going fast. Franchise opportunities are running out. Get in on the ground floor while you can.

MICHELLE: **Hey man, don't be a square**
You know you wanna try
Come on, wolf down that cookie
And take a lookee lookee

MALCOLM: **Ow!**

MICHELLE: **Hey lady, don't be uptight**
We got just what you need
You know it feels so good
When you're drivin' at full speed
Then after the show
If you wanna get down
We can all grab a cab
To this joint downtown

MAL + MICH: **Woh-oh, woh-oh**
It's the place that you got to go
Woh-oh, woh-oh
We'll start nice and slow
And let the music flow
They'll put the lights down low
And then we'll blow some dough—ough—
ough—ough—ough
At the disco

MALCOLM puts his mic back on the stand, takes a pile of brochures and heads into the audience to hand them out.

MALCOLM: You sir, in the plaid suit—look at this deal!

Lights shift. MICHELLE steps back, puts down the mic, wipes her brow with a napkin, and sings,privately.

MICHELLE: **I'll be back at the hotel 'round a quarter past three**
I'll park my butt on the bed, and turn on the TV
They got twenty-five stations but they ain't got

CBC
And that's OK by me
They got *Soul Train*, *The Dick Cavett Show*
The Six Million Dollar Man* and *Columbo
And I'll never again have to watch…
Hawaii Five-O
Hawaii Five-O

MALCOLM: *(Bringing MICHELLE forward.)* All right, wrap it up, baby.

MICHELLE: *(Into the mic.)* **Hey dude, check out the car**
Come on, give it a shot
I swear you're gonna love it
It's burnin' lava hot!

Scene 3
A Run-Down Living Room, Minto, NB: June 1975

GERRARD is alone in his kitchen, talking on the phone.

GERRARD: No, Lloyd, I'm not drivin' all the way down to Saint John for some kind of protest. I'm not against the union or nothin', it's just protesting's never been my thing, you know? *(Pause.)* Yeah, the layoffs are a damn shame. But we'll be fine here in Minto. And anyways, Malcolm says the layoffs are temporary, they're just waitin' for the new engines to come in. The darn union shouldn't have walked out on Malcolm, Lloyd, I don't care what kind of "grievances" they've got. And really, what's the union ever done for us other than take our dues every week? *(Pause.)* I guess I'm just kind of tired these days, Lloyd. Don't feel much like goin' out. *(Pause.)* Julie and Mary-Ellen? What do I care if those two are gonna be there? *(Pause.)* Well neither one of 'em is ever gonna see your waterbed, Lloyd, so whether they eat crackers or not is a mute point.

GERRARD hangs up the phone, sits at the kitchen table.

Where's My Baby Now?
GERRARD: **I was such a happy man**

Not so many months ago
Foolin' 'round with my friends
Goin' to a movie show
My dreams had all been granted
I thought I'd won the triple crown:
A house, a job in a sports car factory
And the sweetest girl in the whole darn town

THE ACRYLIX appear and accompany GERRARD, moving in step.

ACRYLIX: **Oooh…**

GERRARD: **Ain't it funny how the storm clouds come**
And cover up the clear blue sky?
And ain't it funny how your dreams can crumble
In the blink of an eye?
On the day she went away
I swear, a chill went through me
Now the house and the fancy job
Don't mean a damn thing to me
Sittin' all alone here cryin'
Why-y-y didn't I see it?

ACRYLIX: **You shoulda seen it comin'**

GERRARD: **Why-y-y didn't I know?**

ACRYLIX: **You shoulda known a long time ago**

GERRARD: **Why-y-y can't I forget that girl?**

ACRYLIX: **'Cause she's so fine**

GERRARD: **I keep wonderin' why and how**

ACRYLIX: **Wonderin' why, wonderin' how**

GERRARD: **Tell me, where's my baby now?**

ACRYLIX: **Oooh…**

GERRARD: **Every mornin' when I wake up**
I see her clothes, her creams and her lotions
I go to work and I punch the clock
But I'm only goin' through the motions
The guys tell me a joke or two
I kinda laugh like I think they're funny
But later on, when I'm alone
My disposition won't be that

sunny
I'll look at her picture and I'll start cryin'
Why-y-y didn't I see it?

ACRYLIX: **You shoulda seen it comin'**
GERRARD: **Why-y-y didn't I know?**
ACRYLIX: **You shoulda known a long time ago**
GERRARD: **Why-y-y can't I forget that girl?**
ACRYLIX: **'Cause she's so fine**
GERRARD: **I keep wonderin' why and how**
ACRYLIX: **Wonderin' why, wonderin' how**
GERRARD: **Tell me, where's my baby now?**
I see her face everywhere I go
ACRYLIX: **Everywhere you go**
GERRARD: **I hear her voice on the radio**
ACRYLIX: **On the radio**
GERRARD: **When they put on somethin' soft and slow**
ACRYLIX: **Somethin' soft and slow**
GERRARD: **You know, it cuts right through me**
If she was with me here tonight
ACRYLIX: **Here tonight**
GERRARD: **I'd hold onto that girl so tight**
ACRYLIX: **Hold on tight**
GERRARD: **I'd never, ever let her go-o-o-o**
ACRYLIX: **Never, ever let that girl go**
GERRARD: **Why-y-y didn't I see it?**
ACRYLIX: **You shoulda seen it comin'**
GERRARD: **Why-y-y didn't I know?**
ACRYLIX: **You shoulda known a long time ago**
GERRARD: **I know I've only myself to blame…**

THE ACRYLIX recede. GERRARD is alone again.

No use wonderin' why and how
Just tell me, where's my baby now?

Scene 4
The Office of the Premier, Fredericton, NB: September 1975

RICHARD is in his office, meeting with CORMIER, an accountant, who arrives with a very big, heavy heavy

report that he drops on RICHARD's desk.

RICHARD: All right, Cormier, I brought your firm in because I know you're the best. So don't pretty it up for me, I want to hear the unadorned truth. What kind of financial shape is the company in right now?

Based On Best Projections

CORMIER: **We've gone through boxes full of bills**
That seem to be unpaid
To undertake the straight addition
Could take a full decade
But based on best projections
The records seem to say
The losses come to twenty-million
From start up till today

RICHARD: **But surely things will soon be fine**
Now we've got cars rolling off of the line
Won't they?

CORMIER: **Production problems persevere**
As I am sure you know
The more the vehicle's produced
The more your dollars flow
So based on best projections
The best we have so far
You're losing five thousand dollars
On every single car

RICHARD: **But Malcolm says that it's bound to improve**
I'm sure we'll soon settle into a groove
Won't we?
CORMIER hauls out a large pie chart and holds it up.

CORMIER: **We've made a colour-coded pie chart**

On the province's behalf
We've mapped out profits and expenses
On a five year graph
And based on best projections
The future seems quite clear
You're going to lose ten million dollars
Each and every year
It's true, I fear
Mister Premier

RICHARD: **Oh dear**

Scene 5
Bricklin Assembly Plant, Minto, NB: September 1975

MALCOLM is reading The Telegraph-Journal with the headline "Bricklin Debt Soars".

Feelin' the Dread

MALCOLM **Playboy**
Showboat
Phony, fraud and fake
I've taken all that I can take
Conman
Shyster
Mountebank and thief
No one understands the nature of belief
I've done all that I can do
Tried to learn from my mistakes
But you gotta break an egg
If you wanna bake a cake
Every time that I face failure
I say, "No disgrace,"
Then I see some slick fat cat
Laugh in my face
I don't know if I can win
I don't know if I'll survive
Sometimes I just want to give it up
And go for a drive
"It ain't over 'till it's over,"
That's what Yogi Berra said

We ain't bankrupt 'till we're bankrupt
Just a few mill' in the red
Oh God, I'm feelin' the dread
Let's say you got this big idea
Gonna set the world on fire
You're gonna give 'em somethin'
They don't even know they desire
Then you see these suits a-comin'
With calculators in their hands
Well you can close your eyes
And pray to God that they ignore ya
But sooner or later
You can bet that they'll be gunnin' for ya
I've done all that I can do
Tried to learn from my mistakes
But you gotta break an egg
If you wanna bake a cake.
Every time that I face failure
I say, "No disgrace,"
Then I see some slick fat cat
Laugh in my face
But my textbook, it has always been
The seat of my ass
And if I'm goin' down
I'm gonna do it with class
"Either use it, or you lose it,"
That's what Henry Ford said
But how can you build a car
If you run out of bread?
Oh God, I'm feelin' the dread
Playboy
Showboat
Phony, fraud and fake

MALCOLM balls up the paper and throws it away.

Scene 6
The Beaverbrook Gallery, Fredericton, NB: September 1975

RICHARD is looking up at Dali's "Santiago El Grande".

RICHARD: Salvador? Hello, it's me. Again. Stopping by for a little chat. I've got this problem, you see, involving various millions of dollars I'm apparently losing. Taxpayers' money. My mother says, "If the only problems you have are money

problems, then you've got no problems." My mother's wrong sometimes. You know a lot about art and money, Salvador. What would you do if you were in my place. Hmmm?

RICHARD waits for a reply. Nothing.

Yesterday, I felt so low… So I decided to take a ride in my Bricklin, all by myself. No chauffeur, nothing. I drove all the way to Hartland and took her through the covered bridge, I'm not kidding! And you know what? All my worries just flew away. I felt like a kid riding my bike again. Then on the way back, I tuned in CJCJ and Charlie Russell came on with that damn Bricklin song. After hearing the word Edsel five times I turned the radio off. Then that little oil light thing on the dashboard started flashing. So I stopped at the Irving to check under the hood and I asked the girl at the pump, "Can you tell me where the dip stick is in a Bricklin?" She looked me right in the eye and said, "It's behind the steering wheel, Mister Hatfield."

Music.

All the guys sitting around out front just roared. It's so unfair. They don't understand.

There will never be
Someone who cares as much as I do
Someone who's given his whole life to you
My dear New Brunswick
You will never know
A love as plentiful as mine is
A fountain bubbles from my soul for you
My dear New Brunswick
Yet what should I do?
My heart's divided in two
Torn between this car
That's finally given me
The liberty that I've been dreaming of
And the province that I love
Surely there must be
Some path of reconciliation
Don't make me choose
Between this beauty I've created
And the place that I call home
The playground of my childhood
This province that I govern
My one and only mistress:

My dear New Brunswick

Funky castanet groove kicks in. SALVADOR DALI flamencos in.

DALI: **It is I**
Salvador Dali
Señor, you've created a work of genius
The chattering fools, they don't appreciate it
And you're surprised by this?

RICHARD: **There will never be**

DALI: **Mistakes are always sacred**

RICHARD: **Someone who cares as much as I do**

DALI: **Inside your error lies beauty**

RICHARD: **Someone who's given his whole life to you**

DALI: **Stay with it, Señor**

RICHARD: **My dear New Brunswick**

DALI: **Your dreams will save you!**

GERRARD appears.

RICHARD: **You will never know**

GERRARD: **A job's a good thing, I figure**

RICHARD: **A love as plentiful as mine is**

GERRARD: **And this one here's a frickin' peach!**

RICHARD: **A fountain bubbles from my soul for you**

GERRARD: **Stay with it, Mister Premier**

RICHARD: **My dear New Brunswick**

G. + D.: **Your dreams will save us too!**

MALCOLM appears.

RICHARD: **Yet what should I do?**

MALCOLM: **We'll leave a legacy**

RICHARD: **My heart's divided in two**

MALCOLM: **A work of unequalled splendour!**

RICHARD: **Torn between this car**
That's finally given me
The liberty that I've been dreaming of

MALCOLM: **And if it costs a little cash**
What's wrong with that?

RICHARD: **And the province that I love!**

G. + D. + M.: **Hold on to your dreams, Richard!**

Hold on to your dreams!

DUSTY appears.

DUSTY: **Dreams are like taffy**
They bubble when they're hot
They stretch out in all directions
You think they're solid but they're not

RICHARD: **Clearly there's no way!**

ALL THREE: **That's not true!**

RICHARD: **No path of reconciliation**

MICHELLE: **Dreams are like taffy**

RICHARD: **I have to close my eyes**
And grit my teeth
And do what in my heart I know I must

ALL THREE: **No!**

RICHARD: **For the playground of my childhood**

ALL THREE: **Don't bail out now!**

RICHARD: **This province that I govern**

MICHELLE: **You think they're solid but they're not**

ALL THREE: **Don't say it!**

RICHARD: **That's it! No more! C'est tout!**
I'm pulling the plug!

DALI, GERRARD, MALCOLM and MICHELLE disappear.

For the sake of
My dear New Brunswick!

Scene 7
Bricklin Assembly Plant, Minto, NB: September 26 1975

MALCOLM is giving a press conference in front of the Bricklin. GERRARD is holding a sign that says "Save Our Jobs." LARRY is asking the questions.

MALCOLM: The people of New Brunswick don't want this dream to die. We have received thousands of telephone calls from people who want to help in any way possible to get the company out of receivership and as you can see, our workers stand behind us. Over the weekend they raised a petition with 1800 signatures. And dig this—I got children calling in and

offering their allowances to keep us going because they to want buy a Bricklin when they're old enough to drive.

MICHELLE enters with a paper shopping bag tucked under her arm. She and GERRARD catch each other's eyes.

LARRY: So you haven't given up?

MALCOLM: No way. There's a lot of capital out there and a lot of people who love the car. Prince Faisel, for instance. Prince Faisel owns a Bricklin. I've entertained him in my home and the Middle East is—

LARRY: Given that it's unlikely a genie is going to pop out of a lamp, how much money are you walking away with?

MALCOLM: How much have I got left? I put two million cash into the project and owe lenders ten million in other assets. Where does that put me? That puts me bankrupt.

LARRY: You'll lose everything.

MALCOLM: No, no—not everything. The State of Arizona lets a bankrupt guy keep five dairy cows and two dray horses, so I guess I'll be OK. Thank you.

MALCOLM and LARRY exit. MICHELLE crosses to GERRARD.

MICHELLE: So it's over.

GERRARD: *(Sees her, turns away.)* Sure looks that way.

MICHELLE: Hard to believe. What's it been, two years since we saw that ad in the paper? *(No answer.)* Gerrard?

GERRARD: Feels more like ten.

MICHELLE: You got that right. *(Pause.)* Listen, I wanted to—

GERRARD: If you came for the press conference, Michelle, you're too late, you missed the whole damn thing!

MICHELLE: I didn't come for the press conference, Gerrard. I came back to…to give you somethin'.

GERRARD: Yeah?

MICHELLE: Here.

MICHELLE pulls a pewter beer mug out of her purse, hands it to him.

GERRARD: *(Holding it delicately.)* You bought this for me?

MICHELLE: It's a beer mug. You like it?

GERRARD: Beauty… What's it made of? Silver?

MICHELLE: Stuff's called pewter. I got it in Fredericton.

GERRARD: Fredericton? Wow… *(Pause.)*

MICHELLE: *(Overlap.)* I got a— I tried to—

GERRARD: *(Overlap.)* There was this—my heart stopped—

GERRARD: You go.

MICHELLE: No, you first.

GERRARD: There was this time a couple of months back— you were in town for something, with Malcolm and I saw you driving by and… I swear my heart stopped still for a second. I just… I couldn't believe what a jerk I was and that I'd lost you.

MICHELLE: You were right though.

GERRARD: About what?

MICHELLE: Saint John. It ate me alive.

They laugh a little.

So I guess you're goin' back on Pogie.

GERRARD: No, I'm done with sittin' around on my arse complainin'. This nut house taught me that much at least. I'm gonna find a job. Not going to be easy though. This Help Wanted section isn't big enough to wrap a fish-stick.

MICHELLE: Yeah. It's going to be tough.

GERRARD: Yuh… Yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh…

Long pause. GERRARD leafs through the paper, stealing glances at MICHELLE.

MICHELLE: So…you wanna get back together, or what?

GERRARD: Sure.

MICHELLE: Wicked.

GERRARD: But I'm not movin' to Vegas.

MICHELLE: OK by me, as long as we don't stay in Minto.

Edmundston

BOTH: **I guess it's gonna be**

GERRARD: **Edmundston—a place to call your own**

MICHELLE: **Edmundston—avec "Les Francophones"**

GERRARD: **Edmundston—they're getting rid of that stench**

MICHELLE: **In Edmundston—I guess we'll have to bone up on our French**

GERRARD: **In Edmundston—they got a job for me**

MICHELLE: **In Edmundston—won't need no UIC**

GERRARD: **In Edmundston—I know we're gonna go far**

MICHELLE: **In Edmundston—but you're not bringin' that damn car!**

GERRARD: **I don't need that car any longer, baby**

Now that your sweet love's come back I'm so much stronger!

MICHELLE: **I had glitter on a silver platter, baby**
But now I see all that glamour doesn't matter baby!

GERRARD: **Baby!**

MICHELLE: **Baby!**

GERRARD: **Baby!**

Disco music kicks in. They do "The Hustle" to celebrate their reconciliation, then exit, passing RICHARD as he comes on. MALCOLM enters.

MALCOLM: Thought you were in Japan.

RICHARD: If anyone asks—I am. *(Pause.)* I couldn't leave without one last look.

MALCOLM: Want to take her for a spin?

The car is brought onstage.

RICHARD: Ah…I don't think I'll be driving

around the province in a Bricklin again any time soon.

MALCOLM: Yeah, I guess not…

RICHARD: *(Almost an outburst, a frustrated defense.)* You've got to fail sometimes. If you aren't prepared to fail you can never succeed.

MALCOLM: On your death bed if you look back and think; "I didn't try everything I wanted to" then you can talk failure—in the meantime— We did it. Everybody in Detroit said I was nuts, but we built the first all new production line vehicle in the last thirty years. It's way ahead of its time.

RICHARD: It leaked, the doors wouldn't open and the rocker panels—

MALCOLM: OK, so we didn't know what we didn't know. But it was totally innovative.

RICHARD: You're right and if you're going to fund a disaster, it really should be innovative.

MALCOLM: Don't stop dreaming Richard. They've done studies. If you don't dream you go crazy.

RICHARD: And if you dream all the time you are crazy.

RICHARD looks at the crestfallen MALCOLM.

RICHARD: I do have a new project on the go.

MALCOLM: No kidding?

RICHARD: It's bound to capture the voter's imagination: A nuclear power plant at Point Lepreau.

MALCOLM: Wow. How much will that set you back?

RICHARD: Four hundred and sixty million, or a bit more, depending on numerous unpredictable factors.

MALCOLM: I've got this new project too. There's this rotary engine. Twelve cylinders—they spin—sort of the same principle as a six-gun. "The Bricklin Rotary Vee". It's going to

revolutionize automotive history. I don't suppose you'd be interested in—

RICHARD: No.

MALCOLM: I can get you in on the ground floor for only—

RICHARD: No.

MALCOLM: I can give you loan guarantees that —

RICHARD: No, Malcolm!

MALCOLM: *(Pause.)* How much did we lose anyway?

RICHARD: Twenty-three million—give or take a million…or two.

MALCOLM: You know nobody would've given a damn if we'd been making cardboard boxes.

Music in. And with the music the Bricklin comes to life. Headlights pop up and turn on. Lights shift. The car takes on a magical glow. THE CAST all enter, singing.

RICHARD: You're right. The car was simply too…

It's Been a Hell of a Ride

RICHARD: **Beautiful**

MICHELLE: **Beautiful**

MALCOLM: **Beautiful**

GERRARD: **Beautiful**

RICHARD: **Beautiful**

MICHELLE: **Beautiful**

MALCOLM: **Beautiful**

GERRARD: **Beautiful**

ACRYLIC 1 enters.

ACRYLIC 1: **It's been a hell of a ride**
Like a road trip
You remember for the rest of your life

RICHARD: **It's been a hell of a ride**
There've been ups and downs
Skids, turns, trouble and strife

ACRYLIC 1: **But lookin' back on it all**
From the start to the end
I know for sure, when we look deep inside

MALCOLM: **When we add it all up**
We're gonna say to ourselves:
We've been on a hell of a ride

GERRARD: **It's been a hell of a ride**
Like a girlfriend
Who broke your heart but you'll never forget

MICHELLE: **It's been a hell of a ride**
Spinnin' 'round and 'round
Like a game of Russian Roulette

MALCOLM: **With every bubble that burst**
And every dollar we lost
I swear another little piece of me died

RICHARD: **And yet I have to admit**
Though it blew up in our face
We've been on a hell of a ride

ALL but R.: Like the freedom you feel
When you get behind that wheel
And you look to the sky
And there's not even a hint of weather

RICHARD: Like a warm summer day
When the wind blows you away
And it seems like the road before you
Stretches out forever

ALL: **It's been a hell of a ride**
Like a road trip
You remember for the rest of your life
It's been a hell of a ride
There've been ups and downs
Skids, turns, trouble and strife
But lookin' back on it all
From the start to the end
I know for sure, when we look deep inside
When we add it all up
We're gonna say to ourselves:
From the start to the end
It's been a hell of a ride

The End.